The loving Chamber-Maid.

Or, Vindication of a departed Maidenhead.

Being the Art to lye with a Man and yet be a Virgin. To a New Tune

Maidens---- but Ah what is a maid I pray
An infant Female that ſcarce views the day,
For e're the things we Virgins call aſpire
To 13 years, they feel a ſtrange deſire :
Longing for what themſelves can ſcarcely tell,
Which ſtrange deſire of make their bellies ſwell
And then what 'tis they know too fatal well.

Shut the door after me,
pull off the Boule,
I'le blow in the Candle
the beſt of you all,
And all the World
ſhall ne'r me perſwade,
But that I'm a maid,
Ay a very good maid.

I ne'r lay with any
unleſs it were one,
And yet I dare venture
or look at the Sun,
And all the world &c.

I had but one ſmall one,
what am I the worſe
I ne'r gave it Suck
but I put it to Nurſe,
And all the world &c.

Perhaps 'twas my Maſter
that got it, what then,
My Mitris ne'r knew on't
nor none of our men,
And all the world
ſhall ne'r me perſwade,
But that I'm a maid
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But that I'm a maid
Ay a very good maid.

For I can pass currant
and sell it again,
To some Fopp o'th City
who ne'r yet was in,
And all the world

Although my Maidenhead
sporting took slight,
With heaving and thrusting
I bid it good night,
Yet all the world

And if I be clap'd too
then what of all that,
Some Country Clown
will be baiting his Cat.
And all the world

Tis a known Maxime
from Ages long track'd,
A Chamber-Maids simple
unless she be crack'd.
Then all the world

For she is not fitting
good counsel to keep,
When Light-heels her Mistress
with Gallants does sleep,
Then all the world

Tho I shou'd my Mothers
black Legacy pawn,
To some doating Broker
for rigging of Lawn.
Yet all the world

For tho the old beatard
should flutter a while
He could not the fashion
of Bawdery spoyl.
Then all the world

Nay tho I shou'd deal
with a blade of the Town
A Squire to Venus
should tumble me down.
And tho he long struggl'd
yet none should perswade
But that I'm &c.

For she's a mean Trumpet
that knows not the tricks,
To try with one Maiden-heads
dozens of -----
Then all the World
shall ne'r me perswade,
But that &c.

The famous Matronas
of Whetstone will tell
That they can a Maiden-head
forty times sell,
Then all the world

When Cook-maids by Prentices
oft are beguil'd
And pack'd in the Countrey
when pregnant with child.
And after delivery
none them perswades
But that they are maidens,
pass currant for maids.

Once having a smatch
to trading they fall,
Set up with a Maiden-head
common to all.
And keep open Warehouse,
then none shall perswade, &c.

Ther's none above fifteen
but if they'r put to't,
Although they deny you
will willingly do't.
Therefore no Gallant
shall e're me perswade,
but that as maids go
I'm a very good maid.

Printed for Phil. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in West smithfield